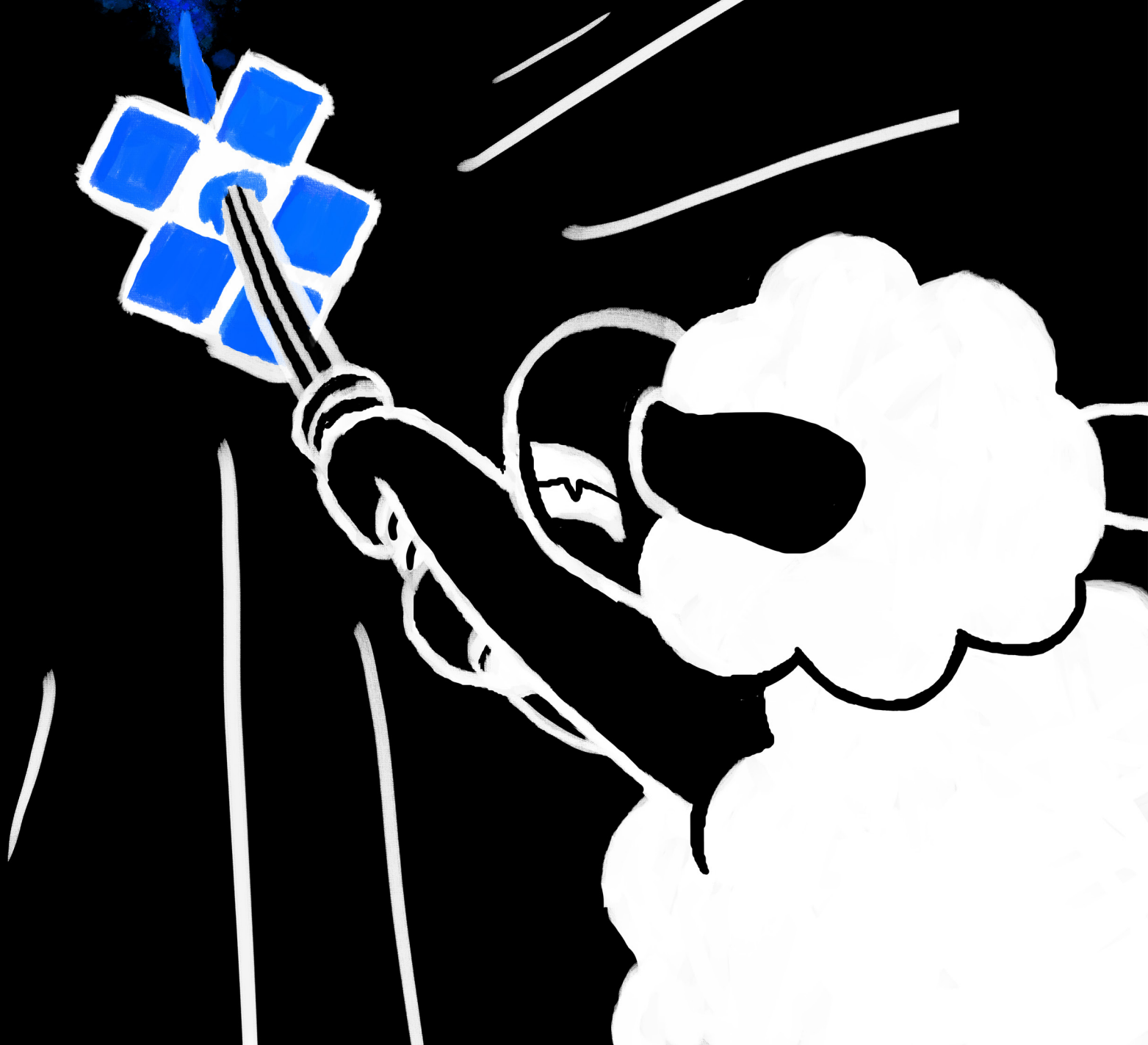


THE OMEN

DROPBOX DIES LIKE THIRTY TIMES

Ver. 55.6



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Juliana: Tax fraud
Rebecca: Piracy
Jess: The ending of Noblesse

Front Cover: Jay Poggi

Back Cover: Broden Grimm

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in any format (no PDFs please) by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, the Omen Office, Leo's mailbox (1593), or Jay's mailbox (0370).

Policy

The Omen is a bimonthly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

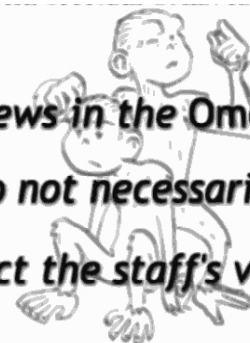
Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill in the company of a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, online at <http://expelallo.men>, and just about any other place we can find to put it.

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



エディトリアル まだまだです

by Leo Zhang and Jay Poggi

レオ・章とジェイ・ポジ



Waker of Winds Nov 29, 2021 11:19 PM

分かった!

じゃ

あの

レオ

一番変な日本語の言葉は何? (edited)



11th.dream Nov 29, 2021 11:24 PM

本当にわからない。。ジェイクはどう思う?



Waker of Winds Nov 29, 2021 11:25 PM

難しい質問ね



11th.dream Nov 29, 2021 11:26 PM

だよな?



Waker of Winds Nov 29, 2021 11:27 PM

だよな?

その終わり方の方がいい?



11th.dream Nov 29, 2021 11:30 PM

www OKです



Waker of Winds Nov 29, 2021 11:32 PM

(「方」と「方」は同じ文章にある時に、分かりにくいね)

僕の一番変な知ってる日本語の言葉は「キリスト教」

と思う

あまり変じゃないけど、普通、日本語の会話で使われないと思う



11th.dream Nov 29, 2021 11:41 PM

ああ、了解ですwww

私に関しては、答えがない

と思う。。



Waker of Winds Nov 29, 2021 11:43 PM

だいじょうぶ



11th.dream Nov 29, 2021 11:44 PM

正直に、まだ日本語の言葉をあまり知りません



Waker of Winds Nov 29, 2021 11:45 PM

うん、分かった、いいね

あ! レオ、このオーメンの発行の為に、何かを書くつもりだね? どんな事を書くと思う?



11th.dream Nov 29, 2021 11:49 PM

まだわからないよお!! もう~ (edited)



Waker of Winds Nov 29, 2021 11:50 PM

www わかった

僕も何について書くことを考えにくいえ?



Waker of Winds Nov 29, 2021 11:52 PM

APANESE - DETECTED ENGLISH SPANISH FRENCH
僕も何について書くことを考えにくい × It's hard for me to think about anything



Waker of Winds Nov 29, 2021 11:52 PM

これ、嘘?



11th.dream Nov 29, 2021 11:53 PM

WWWWW



Waker of Winds Nov 29, 2021 11:53 PM

この意味を言いたくないよ!

*たくなかった

ファック!



11th.dream Nov 29, 2021 11:54 PM

ファック WWWWW



Waker of Winds Nov 29, 2021 11:55 PM

今、世界は僕が日本語上手じゃないことを知る!!



11th.dream Nov 29, 2021 11:55 PM

あははは



Waker of Winds Nov 29, 2021 11:56 PM

だれも僕に「日本語上手」と決して言わない!



11th.dream Nov 29, 2021 11:57 PM

そして、ジェイは決して「いいえ、まだまだです」と言うことはできませんね



Waker of Winds Nov 29, 2021 11:58 PM
くうそおおお!!!

Waker of Winds Tap to see attachment



11th.dream Nov 29, 2021 11:59 PM
でもね、これは本当に正確



Waker of Winds Nov 29, 2021 11:59 PM
夢が全部壊れた

Nov 30, 2021

11th.dream でもね、これは本当に正確



Waker of Winds Yesterday at 12:00 AM
ははははは

Waker of Winds 夢が全部壊れた



11th.dream Yesterday at 12:00 AM
ねえ、死ぬか何か? www



11th.dream Yesterday at 12:01 AM
おー! 11月30日です



Waker of Winds Yesterday at 12:01 AM
あ! そうね~



11th.dream Yesterday at 12:04 AM
疲れてるの?
とにかく、この会話はどのくらい続くべきですか?
(edited)



Waker of Winds Yesterday at 12:05 AM
うん、これはいいと思う
何をカタカナで書きたかったが、できなかった
とても悲しい



11th.dream Yesterday at 12:07 AM
いいよ、いいよ~! 大丈夫!!
次回



Waker of Winds Yesterday at 12:08 AM
書き方を習ったら、レイアウトでレットコンする
(レットコン? レットコン?)



11th.dream Yesterday at 12:09 AM
はい、よさそう

Waker of Winds (レットコン? レットコン?)



11th.dream Yesterday at 12:09 AM
(分からない)



Waker of Winds Yesterday at 12:10 AM
ホームスタックに探さる必要ね



11th.dream Yesterday at 12:10 AM
いいえ。

やだ。
無理です。



Waker of Winds Yesterday at 12:11 AM
ははははは僕泣いてる



11th.dream Yesterday at 12:12 AM
あーね、私たちはチビも描きたい?
この社説のために



Waker of Winds Yesterday at 12:12 AM
レオ
あ



11th.dream Yesterday at 12:12 AM
はい?



Waker of Winds Yesterday at 12:12 AM
早く送った



11th.dream Yesterday at 12:13 AM
WWW
あはははははは



Waker of Winds Yesterday at 12:14 AM
レオは時間があつたら、うん、描きたい
もう描いたチビも使うと思う



11th.dream Yesterday at 12:16 AM
いいよ、時間を作ってみます
レイアウト中にできまーす



Waker of Winds Yesterday at 12:17 AM
そう!
じゃ、ここに、終わろう?



11th.dream Yesterday at 12:19 AM
はい! で、終わるましょう!
ジェイクンすぐに寝るなさい



Waker of Winds Yesterday at 12:20 AM
うん! レオもよく寝られるといいよね!



11th.dream Yesterday at 12:20 AM
はい、はい~



Waker of Winds Yesterday at 12:22 AM
日本語ができるのオーメナイト、さようなら! すみませ
ん!



SECTION SPEAK

Leodump Part 2

By Leo Zhang

I've been doing an uncomfortable amount of thinking lately. Any amount of thinking about myself tends to be uncomfortable to begin with, so it's not exactly a surprise, but after not pondering my own existence for a few weeks it feels extra weird and wiggly in my brain now that I'm doing it again. Things like, how congruent are my internal and projected selves? How will my view of love change the world? What is it about music that compels me to run into the grass and take in a deep breath of fresh air? It's kind of nice, almost, because these kinds of questions dull the stress of school by reminding me that I have a lot more things in life that will be there no matter how I do academically. I will still be able to see pretty sunsets, I will still be able to meet cats, I will still see people being kind and showing love for the sake of it and nothing else. That kind of stuff is what fulfills me the most. Oh, yeah, the world can be a shitty place, for sure. But I put a lot of meaning into the fact that I get to exist on a planet where I can see little lights in the sky when I decide to take a walk in the A.M.s, and where people wave to each other on passing boats. In that sense, I suppose you could call me a romantic.

It's a little funny, only because I'm on the aromantic spectrum. It's like all the romance I could hold for anyone besides my partner has been painted onto the rest of the world instead. I don't remember when this romanticism started or why, but I'm fairly certain it had to do with being stuck in my house for not only the big 2020, but also two years beforehand. When you don't go outside a lot, the sunsets look prettier when you do. I think it also likely had to do with my love for music, but that's a whole can of worms I don't think I have the time to get into now. Perhaps later. Simply put, sometimes I listen to music and I think, how amazing is it that people create things for the sake of creation? Some of my favorite songs have an ethereal, dusk-like feeling to them, so when I listen to them while watching the sky grow dark, I feel like I'm in another dimension where nothing and no one can touch me unless I want it to. The same dimension where I can make eye contact with a rabbit and understand the twitch of its nose; the same dimension where I can meet the person who's visited me in dreams seven times.

It's just nice to be brought out of myself, sometimes. My worst spirals happen when I curl up too much, as if my body is the world and nothing else exists. Sometimes I *need* to be reminded that I am insignificant to find importance in myself. Kind of like, *I am temporary, and I am small, so I have to make every moment count*. Romanticizing the world is my survival mechanism. After all, I'm much more inclined to survive when I know that surviving means I can look at flowers and kick up sea foam at the beach, even though it's always too cold.

I'm absolutely sure a large piece of this worldview was born after I impulse-wrote something at 3 A.M., all lowercase, using symbolism I never did before. It was a love story, kind of; more like a snapshot of one. "These characters are *not* going to become actual characters of mine," I told myself, and all of my friends. "They're just representations of ideas."

And then I named them.

And through these characters, not exactly human as much as they are concepts, I've been

exploring the idea of love and resilience for nearly two years. How to love oneself, how to love others, how to love someone on purpose and with intent, the love of nature and stories and possibility. And I've kind of fallen in love with love, because it's so *broad*, and I'm so goddamn *full of it*. I'm so full of love for everything that it makes me look stupid sometimes, and that's fine. For example: in the early morning hours of November 19, 2021, there was an almost-full lunar eclipse. Every source I looked at said the eclipse would start at around 1:30 A.M., I think, even though it wouldn't be visible for another hour or so. I went out at 1 A.M. and I found my bench in the Yiddish Book Center orchard and I sat in the darkness, in the rain. I stepped in a puddle on the way there and my socks were soaked. I couldn't even see the moon because of the rainclouds, but I sat there and I called my friends to chase the nighttime monsters away and when I finally *could* see the moon, I thought, *wow, how worth it is this?* Even as my limbs grew numb and I started trembling because of the cold, and the wet socks, I sat outside watching the moon grow red until I finally stumbled back inside for the sake of my health. I fell asleep close to 7 A.M., after drinking bitter Chinese medicine and putting on cozy slippers. Now *that* was love, me making objectively questionable decisions for the sake of the moon, laughing in the freezing weather because I was teasing a friend, feeling the shivers leave my body when I tipped my head back and saw the stars.

I'm sappy like that, I guess. I've kind of made love my brand (whenever I mention liking themes of love in media, Casper will look at me and go, "No, really? I hadn't noticed.")—love and dreams.

Any of my friends, anyone I'm in a Discord server with, anyone who follows me on Instagram can attest to the fact that dreams are important to me just by my username alone (11th.dream), but I don't think I can ever truly describe the significance of dreams to me as a person and creator. Don't get me wrong, a majority of my dreams are pointless shit. The kind of stuff my brain just needs to process so it won't bother me. Really stupid, pointless shit. But sometimes I have dreams that fundamentally change me, where I wake up sweating, in tears, with a warmth in my hand and a tug in my chest that I can't explain. The last one was June 6th, 2021.

There's something about dreams. Maybe it's the kind of floaty feeling I get when I'm in one, the haze where I can only barely tell what's happening, the way everyone who talks sounds like they're underwater. Maybe it's the sensation of wading through molasses, unable to move any faster than that. My friends have agreed that I'm generally a dreamy person, especially when I get into moods like these, and that makes me happy. I can't explain that, either.

Love, dreams, life and death. These themes form who I am and what I do and what I explore in everything I create. I think about all of them a lot. Rarely do these thinking sessions become too introspective, though—I need to get used to that happening. Just in case it becomes commonplace.

I'm not too sure what the point of this piece is. I don't think I had a point going into it. If anything, maybe this is my gentle encouragement to bring yourself out of yourself for a moment to appreciate the little things about the world. It works for me; I have no idea if it'll work for anyone else. Worth a try, anyways. My favorite things to remember when I need it the most, at the risk of sounding cliché, include: the universe is always moving, curiosity is inherent in humanity, the sky is so vast and it changes colors, and I am able to exist at the same time as the people I love. When I remind myself of these things, I can feel the tension in my shoulders ease. And I am happy, happy that through all of the pain I've experienced, I've managed to get to a point where I can look at the clouds and feel at peace.

(This was written while listening to Yuusei Boushi by Eve on loop.) 

Death Star McEnroe

By Robert Caldwell

I entered FPL at eight nineteen; An AmerIndian in the ante meridian. I pivoted left to prepare myself to ascend the stairs and was confronted. Why is this tennis ball on the floor? Wait.... That is... the Death Star!



At first I wondered... was it strategically placed? Was the Death Star guarding my approach to the second floor? An eerie feeling of foreboding washed over me. After all, the Death Star destroys planets.



Was it a late-in-the-semester message of universal encouragement and hope, to “Stay on Target?” Or was it a placeholder in a game, where the entire floor of the building was divided out into hexagon tiles? Maybe I was over thinking it. Time to get some coffee!



How to Revive Deathfest (Part V)

by Ethan Ludwin-Peery F09, FST F10, & Alex V F10

Deathfest Awards

Usually one person wins Deathfest, though there have been some exceptions. In 2010, Madeline Hahn commented “two #deathfest winners? blasphemy!” when the two players playing as “Mastodon’s [sic] rhythm section” jointly won Deathfest “for bringing down a death god with a fraternity.” This contradicts the official account which says that one winner was Tim Carroll as the Mastodon drummer and the other winner was Aleksi Ahonen (from Finland) as Duffman.

FST’s quibble: Knowing Deathfest, Duffman may have joined Mastodon.

ELP’s addendum: Tim says that Aleksi showed up in a Duffman costume and played the Mastodon bassist character with a Duffman voice.

The only person who has ever won Deathfest twice is Tim Carroll. If you revive Deathfest, please let Tim go for the [hat trick](#).

You may be surprised to learn there were Deathfest awards, with actual prizes. Because of FiCom rules, “prizes” had to be \$1, and were generally from the dollar store. A special trip was made just before Deathfest to collect the weirdest \$1 items.

Sometimes awards are added, or retired. If something really really cool happens, and it doesn’t fit into one of the existing awards, you can make up a new award for it. The awards are an opportunity for DMs to storytell about cool things that happen in their tier — and they reward players for making big, fun choices.

[One record](#) puts the awards in Spring 2009 as “the Survivor, the Leader, the Jester, the Genocidal Maniac, the Morality Needs to be Checked, the First Guy to Die, the Banner Designer, the Ultimate Badass, the Idiot Who Makes the Same Mistakes, MacGyver and so on.” I think we retired most of these awards soon after, since the list was too long.

In our opinion, these are the canonical awards:

Creative Morality Award — This award was established during the first-ever Deathfest. It goes to a character who is “creative” in their application of “morality”.

Permanent Resident Award — Inevitably at least one character, instead of dying, is exiled between planes, trapped under a bus, gets lost in the hallway, marries an orc and settles down mid-tier II to run for mayor of Orcsville, enters a PhD program or otherwise is condemned to purgatory, etc. This character is recognized as that year’s permanent resident. If more than one character is permanent resident, go with the story that is funnier or the character who is more permanently resident.

Gary Gyga Award — Goes to the first player to die. Keep track of when the earliest deaths happen so you know who wins this award.

Chris Sommer Award for Voice Acting — Chris Sommer is an alum known for his consummate and dedicated voice

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acting at Deathfest. In Fall 2010, Shannon Barnesley won the first ever Chris Sommer Award for Voice Acting, “for being a badass Scotsman.”

Ultimate Badass Award — Being “super badass” was funnier in 2013, but ridiculous action movies are still pretty funny. If a character does something straight out of a cheesy action movie, they’re eligible.

Leadership Award — Good leader, bad leader, if you got other people to do something, especially something big, you’re eligible.

There was also an actually good prize for the main winner(s). Traditionally the winner was given a set of RPG dice, plus some sort of prize related to the theme. When Maggie Karlin won Deathfest in Spring 2013 (and assumed the title of CEO as a horde of dead animals), we gave her a brown tie that said “Number One” on it in several different languages. In Spring 2010, the color red won a bucket of cookies. When Tim Carroll won as [The King of Spain](#), Alex V. gave him a stick.



Tim Carroll as [The King of Spain](#), Deathfest winner fall 2012

In addition, there were small “tier prizes”, one given by each DM to a player they had seen do something cool; generally the best story from your tier or the player who did the most to make your game fun.

Once you give out the awards, it’s over! Go to bed!!!

Miscellaneous:

Garamond is the official font of Deathfest. Don’t eat bridge sushi the night before Deathfest. Matt the Barber was Deathfest’s greatest fan, and once hired us to put on a Deathfest for his birthday party. There are differences of opinion about DMs cheating. Sometimes, if you want to kill someone, it’s funny to roll a handful of dice all at once. If you overuse

this trick, it loses value. We used to write each other community service letters for running Deathfest.


Special thanks to our sources who helped us remember some of the details of this bullshit: Maggie Karlin, Grace Rosen, Ian Campbell, Zach Clemente, Tim Carroll, Pat Skarupa, Erin Snyder, Bera Dunau, Evan Silberman, and Lauren Frasier

APPENDIX I: DEATHFEST RECORDS

Year	OMEN	Theme	Tier III DM(s)	Deathfest Winner(s)
Spring 2008				
Fall 2008		Game Show called "You Fucking Die"	Mike Rozycki	
Spring 2009				
Fall 2009			Bera Dunau?	Lauren Frasier as Dr. Frank-N-Furter
Spring 2010	Vol 34, #5	Order vs. Chaos	Bera Dunau & Niall Sullivan	Stefan Terry as The Color Red
Fall 2010	Vol 35, #5	The Magic School Bus	Evan Silberman	Aleksi Ahonen as Duffman & Tim Carroll as the drummer from Mastodon
Spring 2011	Vol 36, #4	Mafia	Ian Campbell	Pat Skarupa as "Angry Bartender/Shizuo from Durarara"
Fall 2011	Vol 37, #5	Lucha	Kenyatta McKenzie	??? but honorable mention to Will Coon as Franz Ferdinand for killing a DM
Spring 2012	Vol 38, #4	The Lost Room + Oregon Trail	Ian Campbell & David Warshow	Panda as some pokémon, possible "Robot Dragonite Unicorn"
Fall 2012	Vol 39, #6	Apocalypse Deathfest	Alex Vercoutere	Tim Carroll as The King of Spain
Spring 2013		BUSINESS	FST & Ethan Ludwin-Peery	Maggie Karlin as "a herd of undead farm animals"
Fall 2013	Vol 41, #5	Prom	Alex Vercoutere	
Spring 2014		Racecars	Keenan	
Fall 2014	Vol 43, #5	Ghosts?		??? as "Skeleton Cheerleader"
Spring 2015				
Fall 2015		Reality TV?		
Spring 2016				
Fall 2016				
Spring 2017				
Fall 2017				



*If it is winter
And you wish you could garden
Play Stardew Valley*

By Peter Lampropoulous 

Before there was Undertale, there was OFF by Mortis Ghost

By Ida Kao

(Spoiler free)

Have you ever heard of Undertale? It's the one indie game that anyone who knows anything about indie games has heard of. Part two of the... sequel? Parallel universe? has just come out. It's called Deltarune, and indie gaming communities everywhere are going wild. Really good timing on my part, considering I wrote this back in June, completely unaware of the release schedule of developer Toby Fox. (And if you haven't heard of either, I guess you're one of today's lucky 10,000! Congrats! It's a great day to be learning about games that remake an entire genre and push the limits of storytelling in video games. Now go download Undertale for free on whatever device you have available, or watch a playthrough, or something. Trust me, it's worth it.)

Do you know what Undertale is now? Good. Great, even. But did you know about the spiritual predecessor to Undertale? It's called OFF by Mortis Ghost, and its lack of popularity among the people I personally know (and not just the ones who congregate anonymously online) legitimately surprises me. The only person I know who knows about OFF is the person who introduced me to it. By the time you're reading this in the fall they'll be a former housemate, but at the moment they're across the hall from me. Thanks, current-but-soon-to-be-former housemate!

I have no clue if what I'm writing has any cohesion because I'm super sleepy, but this is The Omen so I write what I want. Even if this is scattered and maybe a little bit confusing in some parts, at the very least I can say I've written about something that might interest a good chunk of people at Hampshire, even if it's in such a way that I will wince in a few years, when my writing skills have progressed. Or maybe just tomorrow morning, when I have gotten some rest.

Anyway.

I'm not going to pretend OFF was quite as groundbreaking as Undertale for the indie games genre, or the power of storytelling that games have, but it has held up pretty well. The twist that shall not be named is not terribly new today, but it was for its time. If you look up the original sketches Toby Fox did for Papyrus, the loveable skeleton from Undertale, and compare it to Dedan from OFF, there can be no doubt that OFF seeded Toby Fox's imagination.

Some other bits that I find worth mentioning:

Even though the original was in French and made in 2008, it didn't get fan translations and subsequently become popular in the English speaking gaming world till a couple years later. You can find multiple translations online, some of which are endorsed by Mortis Ghost himself. There's a "pick your gender" thing at the beginning of the original, but some of the newer English translations do away with that.

OFF has a less clear narrative compared to Undertale. If you want to hear an explanation on who The

Batter is, or Vader Eloha/The Queen or why some characters have attacks named after calculus or classical music or whatever else (quite a number of fan theories have spawned from the seemingly utterly random themes to be naming moves after) then tough luck.

There are lots of fangames, or spinOFFs (ha). There are plenty of other decent ones out there, but I can personally only recommend HOME, which is a bit longer than OFF and offers a more optimistic take on the world of OFF than the surrealist, cynical one of the original. While HOME is meant to be a sequel to one of the endings, there are changes that you could argue are retcons. The HOME creator passed in 2013, and there is an annual charity stream in his honor.

Fans absolutely **love** Zacharie, the fourth wall breaking merchant who always wears a mask. I'm personally a fan of The Batter and The Judge, but to each their own.

Some good, more cohesive thoughts from other people on OFF. There are plenty of other short digestible reads on the cultural significance of OFF, and here's two of them:

<https://tinyurl.com/offarticle1>



<https://tinyurl.com/offarticle2>

Lame Hampedia Fanfiction

By Ida Kao

“Lame *what* fanfiction?” you might ask, if you didn’t see that email from Haley in the past few days, or you were not at Hampshire between 2007 and 2016ish, you probably don’t know what I’m talking about, and up until mid-Spring 2021 I wouldn’t know either. My lack of computer knowledge is really gonna bite me in the ass here, but I’ll do my best to explain anyway. I’ve done basically no fact checking on whether this is true, so take it all with a grain of salt. I started writing this thing way back in March 2021, before any sign of a Hampedia revival.

“Hampedia” is a portmanteau of “Hampshire” and the suffix “-pedia” as in “wikipedia” or “encyclopedia.” As Haley noted in her email, the idea was mostly or entirely conceived by Jose Fuentes F05. He’s the Chair of the Board of Trustees and, rather concerningly, is a huge believer in cryptocurrency. Hampedia was basically a homegrown (and in my opinion significantly better) version of HampEngage, maison.io, and a few other functions. I know there were a number of students with experience in web development who helped create and possibly maintain it.

I know there’s a lot of absolutely wild stories about Hampedia, including one where a student broke into the Hampedia server room in ASH and did lines of ketamine in there. I don’t know much beyond that, so if you’re interested you should probably ask staff, faculty, or alums who were enrolled at some point between 2007-2016 if they know. I also know there was a Board of Trustees, which consisted of staff, faculty, and students. Not sure how the Board members were selected. I know a few Omen alums and a few staff still at Hampshire were on the Hampedia Board, probably because they understood computers.

I never heard a clear story of how Hampedia ended, just that at some point everyone stopped using it. I’m not sure if there was another platform before we started using HampEngage, but after my experiences with any number of technical issues and confusing UX designs on that platform, I’m not sure why. All

of the webdev students graduated and the younger ones couldn't be arsed to understand how to use it, perhaps? Regardless, if you type hampedia.org into your browser, you will not find the sad remnants of Hampedia. There's something there, and I don't really know what it is. I'm guessing it's someone domain squatting, because it looks like a really shoddy blog with only one post.

If you want to see what Hampedia looked like before it got replaced by... whatever it is that has replaced it, I've pasted the URL here: <https://tinyurl.com/hampedia>

Oh, and here's The Omen's Hampedia page: <https://tinyurl.com/omenpedia>

With that out of the way, this is what I would have wanted my Hampedia page to say, and since it doesn't exist quite yet, I consider it fanfiction until the site is up and running. In which case it'll be... fan fact, since I can just copy that stuff on to my own personal page. Does anyone care enough about me to read this? Probably not, but I know you'd be just as excited to be special and have a wiki page dedicated to yourself.

Ida Kao

Ida Kao is a first semester Division III student.

Box on the side

Contact Information

E-Mail: ik18@hampshire.edu

Residence: I'm not doxxing myself lol

Academics:

Year of Entry: F18

Division: III

Biography

Ida doesn't really understand the concept of oversharing, but is thinking about the dangers of doing so now that she is writing out parts of her life story on a public platform. She's mostly hoping that this won't somehow come to bite her in the future.

She was born in Michigan, just outside Detroit. In second grade, she moved with her family to Virginia, where they still live. She likes to consume black tea, sour candy, and stovetop popcorn seasoned with nutritional yeast, but not at the same time. She enjoys cold weather, complaining about things that no one else cares enough to complain about, and observing human beings going about their day from a high vantage point. She loves her dog, Shadow.

Ida is interested in many different academic disciplines, and her Division II mostly focused on philosophy and environmental studies. Her Division III is currently focused on institutional memory and the Omen archives (which houses a dozen or so Hampshire papers that have ceased publishing on top of nearly every back issue of The Omen) as a means of telling a narrative of the College by and for students.

Ida is one of 21 former editors of *The Omen*, and like many of these former editors, is incredibly invested in *The Omen* to this day, for reasons that elude everyone, including herself. She doesn't believe that *The Omen* loves you; in fact, she's pretty sure no one loves you. She enjoys reading old issues as she scans them, sharing the funny stuff she finds in them, and has been soliciting alums for stories and missing issues in the near future. Along with digitizing the physical archives and finding missing ones, Ida is trying to compile a master list of duties required to keep *The Omen* operational (assuming that it's in non-pandemic times, and at a mostly functioning Hampshire College), finding someone with computer knowledge who can add more pages to *The Omen's* e-archives to include scans of other Hampshire papers that have since ceased publication and scans of paraphernalia that are not simply back issues, such as pictures from past *Omen* reunions. She also organized the 2021 virtual reunion on Gather.

Ida has been a voting member of FundCom, the independent governing body that delegates the Student Activities Fund (SAF) and the only surviving part of the Hampshire Student Union (Fall 2012-Spring 2016), since her first semester at Hampshire. She was elected Financial Director in Fall 2020 for the 2020-2021 school year, and was re-elected for the 2021-2022 school year.

Ida seems constantly stressed out, according to a friend. She is perpetually sleep deprived and misses the Bridge sushi. She has recently taken interest in Re-Rad, a former student group at Hampshire. You may sometimes see her taking walks on campus excitedly pointing at dogs she comes across and saying "Look! It's a dog!"

Residences

In chronological order, Ida has lived in Merrill C405, Enfield 64A (Mindfulness Mod), the Enfield 62 storage closet (it's a long story), Greenwich 14A, Enfield 53A, Prescott 88E, and Enfield 59E. She currently lives in Enfield.

Courses

This is boring. I'm not going to type out every single class I've taken and when with no context!

Student Groups

The Omen - editor, signer, archive digitizer

FundCom - Financial Director, signer, voting member

Occasionally shows up to meetings for the following groups: Making Myths Living Legends, Cooking Club, Hampshire Creative Community, CoSAA, possibly others

Work Study

RCC front desk monitor - Spring 2021

Knowledge Commons Research & Technology peer mentor - Fall 2019 to Spring 2020

Library serial assistant - Spring 2019

Miscellaneous

2021 student member of the Budget & Priorities Committee

2019 and 2021 recipient of the Ingenuity Award, a distinction that is meaningless but is listed on her resume and LinkedIn

2021 orientation leader 🐶

Der Omen Käse

By Nicholas Utakis-Smith

Einmal witz gehört. Mann geht mediziner. Er sagt er ist niedergeschlagen. Er sagt leben erschienen brutal und grausam. Er sagt er fühlt ganz allein im ein bedrohlich welt wo was liegt vor sind unklar und unsicher. Medizener sagt, "Behandlung sind einfach. Spitze clown Pagliacci sind im stadt heute abend. Geht und sehe er. Das sollte beleben sie." Mann begint weineind. "Aber mediziner...ich sind Pagliacci." Gut witz. Allen lachen. Rürtrommel gerollen. Vorhänge. Wie sind keine fremde zu liebe. Du kennen das herrscht, und mir auch so. Ein komplett verpflichtung sind was ich sind dekend von. Du würde nicht dies von andere mann. Ich wollen erzählen sie mich gefühle. Muss machen sie verstehen. Nie abstellen sie. Nie abkippen sie. Nie arummrenen und verlassen sie. Nie machen sie weinen. Nie sagt auf wiedersehen. Nie sagt ein lüge und verletzt sie. 🐑



By Alix Ziaja 🐑

Rambling About Eternals: Weirdly Likable for Such a Hastily Cobbled Together Movie

By Ida Kao

(Spoilers Ahead!)

I hope you didn't read this hoping for a movie review, because I am just going to tell you right now that this movie is really not worth paying money for. Still, I have to give this movie credit for being quite different from most other Marvel movies as of late. I'm not sure if that's just because it deals with a different set of characters, because of the pretty gold sigils everywhere, or the moments that almost took a deep dive into some very real questions set up by worldbuilding. They were **so close** to actually landing emotionally!

Okay, so, on November 14th, 2021, I went to see Eternals at Cinemark and eat a bunch of popcorn for free. Emphasis on the last part; I had no clue what Eternals was about until I was in the van (being driven there by Zauyah, our Dean of Students), and my ticket and food was paid for by the Dean of Students office, probably? It wasn't paid by me, is the point. Once I heard that it was a Marvel movie I was ready for something generic, but in this instance it might not have been too bad, since this would be exploring other characters and not just be another Captain America or Iron Man. Oh, and a shoutout to Guinevere for convincing me to stay in case there was a post-credits scene after I was about to leave, having just watched the mid-credits scene. There was indeed a post-credits scene, although it was confusing and came out of nowhere, just like everything else in this movie.

I've watched a number of YouTube reviews explaining why Eternals could have worked but just didn't, and I don't think I should spend all this ink and paper repeating what they argue. If you don't want to go and watch several half-hour video analyses, it can basically be boiled down to this: Eternals sets up a lot of really interesting arcs and themes, but is too busy to fully explore any of them. Most characters are very one-dimensional and poorly characterized, every character that gets something resembling an arc is rushed through and gives the audience zero reason to connect with them emotionally, and any time anything big happens no one, even those in the movie, really cares, since they've already seen Thanos kill half the planet.

Surprisingly, I haven't seen anyone specifically bring up how predictable the plot was. Oh wow, the protagonists were the bad guys all along! It was a tired trope by the time the She-Ra reboot did it three years ago. Ikarus, the Superman knockoff who can shoot lasers out of his eyes and can fly is really the bad guy willing to serve the fucked up, broken system! What a twist! There were also a number of moments where everyone else was looking to Ikarus, the physically powerful white guy, to lead instead of Sersi, the woman of color whose powers are turning things into other things, which are not especially suited for combat. There are several moments where it's mentioned that Ajak, the former leader of the Eternals, picked Sersi to get that orb that lets the Eternals talk to Arashim, their boss who sent them to Earth, suggesting that her good judgment and personal connection with the rest supersedes societal biases or something? It's hard for me to figure out what, if any, implicit message is there. I suppose that's not predictable, since a lot of movies just pretend to be color blind, and I can't necessarily say it's a bad thing that it's being acknowledged on some level. I guess what doesn't sit right with me is that I see no evidence that Sersi is much of a leader either, although that begs the question of what makes someone a leader in the first place, which I don't know the answer to. I don't think that her being the one to stop the Celestial from emerging because her abilities matched the task at hand necessarily makes her the most fit to be the leader. Hell, Druig was originally the one to try and directly stop the Celestial; if things

had gone according to the original plan, does that mean Druig is now the leader? Being imbued with the thing the previous leader had may be an indication of leadership (or at least a vote of confidence from said previous leader), but that feels a little too rigid for defining leadership for me to find it a satisfactory answer.

Based on social media, I'm not the only one who found Druig rather likable and interesting, although most of it is just thirsting over his attractiveness and/or shipping him with Makkari. All this despite doing some pretty terrible stuff like mind controlling a bunch of people. He somehow considers it less morally reprehensible than letting them kill each other of their own free will. And then when he leaves all the other Eternals and holes himself up in the Amazon he thought it was fine and dandy to mind control everyone else to shoot the deviant using super outdated guns and sometimes at the expense of their own life. I guess he did eventually yell at them to flee to safety, and abstained from taking over the entire planet... so, brownie points? I think most of the audience gives him brownie points for being hot and having an actual personality and making a really cute couple with Makkari, whereas Ikarus is just hot (although you wouldn't know it from social media), with no personality, and there is literally no reason for us to think that he loves Sersi since every single romance scene between them is really stilted and awkward, even the one where they straight up get married. Also, I'm vaguely remembering what seemed to be a sex scene on a beach that only showed their faces, and I can't help but cringing at the thought of sand getting in... places inside your body that you do not want sand getting into. While Druig also suffers from minimal characterization, he at least presents the interesting dichotomy of free will and violence vs. control and peace and the only romance with another Eternal that doesn't feel incredibly forced. The buildup to a romance is way more interesting than one that's already there.

At the very end, I was hoping Sersi would kill Ikarus instead of him... killing himself by flying into the sun? It was never properly established what could actually kill an Eternal, besides that one deviant draining the golden stuff out of them using its multitude of genuinely creepy scorpion stinger type appendages. So if it was supposed to be a tragic suicide born of grief at betraying his "family," which is what multiple characters keep telling us the Eternals are, even though it feels more like a bunch of unhappy coworkers, it's just really, really confusing and not sad.

Some other moments that just didn't work included bringing up Peter Pan to the Sprite, the character that never grows up is a little too on the nose for my taste. To then compare Sprite to *Tinker Bell*? She's a boyish looking redhead. Her powers makes her a trickster. It is one hell of a stretch to then compare the Superman knockoff to Peter Pan. Seeing Phastos break down in response to Hiroshima, and realize that technological advancement was used for unimaginable evil really did surprise me, mostly because I think it's a little too shameful for the US to the point Hollywood is willing to mention it. The emotional impact was blunted considering how little Phastos has shown to care for humans up to that besides giving them technological advancements. And then going from giving up on humans to having a husband and adopting a child? We missed a lot in that movie, and it's also all surface level for one of the very few openly gay characters in the MCU.

So, now that I've gotten all these disjointed comments on a Google Doc, I'm sitting here wondering why I bothered writing about Eternals at all. The movie is worse and worse the more that I think about it. But... I kind of want to like it? It might just be the novelty of exploring other characters in the MCU, even if the execution wasn't great. Maybe I'm just too much of a sucker for pretty aesthetics even at the cost of an actual plot, or because I watch so few movies these days that anything is better than nothing. I killed a few hours by paying nothing out of pocket, so I suppose that counts for something. 🙄

SECTION LIES

PIG VISIT




By Ida Kao





By Ida Kao



Nextdoor

To: Ida Kao >

4/26/21

Bear on Mountain

nextdoor View on Nextdoor

S Sandy S Mountain

Bigger than last year!



Safety · Apr 26 to 22 neighborhoods

Like Private message Share

View or Reply

White Van selling/giving away meat

nextdoor View on Nextdoor

E Eric L Mountain

One of the 2 men is 70 yr old G of . Possible license plate is . Possible contact numbers: 7168, cell 0883, @hotmail.com.

Safety · May 23 0 10

See 8 previous replies

M Margaret M
Eric L I bought from the older guy a couple of years ago. Very expensive meat....

P Peter M
A business license is generally important but a food seller/producer certification is far more...

I
D
A
,
S
B
E
A
R
S

Bear spotted

nextdoor View on Nextdoor

N Neil M ,

Bear spotted behind drive, near New sub division

2000-2010 Drive,

Safety · May 21

1 2

T Therese W
That's way too close for comfort for me. I walk down there regularly

K Karen S
He has cut through my neighborhood on numerous occasions. He runs at the sound of voices. He is...

Neighborhood Bear

nextdoor View on Nextdoor

L Layel Z Hills

Hi Everyone, There is a bear visiting my bird feeders!!! I take them in at night but he was here at 10 this morning. Please be careful I live at 301 M

Safety · May 26 to 46 neighborhoods

Like Private message Share

Bear!

nextdoor View on Nextdoor

C Catherine A ,

We have had a bear in our yard(P Dr) for several nights this week. Please put up your bird feeders and trash cans and be careful!


1660-1670 P Drive,

Safety · May 30 to 47 neighborhoods

Another bear siting...

nextdoor View on Nextdoor

M Margery M [redacted], P [redacted] Dr
I'm joining the bear sitings post... Photos take by my neighbor.
120-130 P [redacted] Drive, [redacted]
Safety · May 31 1 2

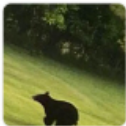
- 

Feza B [redacted]
No photos here!
- D Dave N [redacted]
It's because they were taken by the neighbor!

Bear sighting

nextdoor View on Nextdoor

S Sandra V [redacted], Mount [redacted]
A good sized bear just crossed B [redacted] Road heading away from the H [redacted] Lane area. Just wanted to give neighbors a heads up that we have a visitor in the neighborhood.
Safety · Jun 3 to 39 neighborhoods



Bold Bear

nextdoor View on Nextdoor
B Beth A [redacted], B [redacted] Mountain
Just a heads up, to the folks in B [redacted] Mountain West. We live on B [redacted] Mountain Road. Tonight we grilled out hot dogs on our deck grill. We were all sitting in chairs on our deck talking and laughing and eating around 7:00 PM when one of our children suddenly looked terrified and squeaked out the... See more
Safety · Jul 14 2 4

Bear around our neighborhood
(M [redacted] Swimming Pool area)

nextdoor View on Nextdoor

Y Young C [redacted], M [redacted] Dr
Hi all, be alert. There is a big black bear around the M [redacted] swimming pool region. If your kids are outside, please take them home.
200-210 M [redacted] Drive, [redacted]
Safety · May 31 to 31 neighborhoods



Bear in W [redacted] Fam

nextdoor View on Nextdoor

M Michele L [redacted]
We saw a black bear in our yard in W [redacted] Farm 10 minutes ago. It stood on its hind legs to sniff our bird feeder. It left and went through the neighbors yard and up the hill toward Main Street. Appeared to be a juvenile.
W [redacted] Farm, [redacted]
Safety · Jul 10 to 32 neighborhoods



See 2 previous replies



Jim F [redacted]
A gift from the mountain.



Therese W [redacted]
That's insane

Recent Bear action noted in W [redacted]

nextdoor



Charles G [redacted]

Recent Bear action noted in W [redacted]
Two weeks ago and then again this Tuesday night a bear (likely) got into some trash cans on L [redacted]. Also, it was reported that a bear (again likely) on L [redacted] bent over a bird feeder pole to the ground, suggesting it might be a big bear. Watch your kids, pets and self as it appears they are... [See more](#)

Possible bear in the neighborhood?

nextdoor



Rob B [redacted] · H [redacted] Park

Possible bear in the neighborhood?
While we were out walking the dog this morning, we saw garbage cans knocked over at two different houses, and garbage strewn across a sidewalk at one of them. Both of these were on P [redacted] near Park.

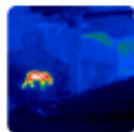
Share

Bear Sighting on S [redacted] Lane

nextdoor



Lora B [redacted] · F [redacted] Hills



Bear Sighting on S [redacted] Lane Hello Neighbors, I went to get something in my car and heard something near the trash cans. Having read a healthy dose of R.L. Stine as a kid, I booked it inside. Good thing. It was a pretty big bear! This was at 9:30pm on S [redacted] Lane.

1

8

Share

BEAR AT MY FRONT DOOR TONIGHT!!! [redacted] Circle.

nextdoor

[View on Nextdoor](#)

An D [redacted], [redacted]
<https://ring.com/share/0df9a6c2-bd30-41a0-bef>

Crime & Safety · Nov 18 to 26 neighborhoods

Thank Private message

Suspicious Guy tries to get into house and cars

nextdoor



Clara S [redacted]



Suspicious Guy tries to get into house and cars We woke up to urine and tobacco all over our front porch this morning and our pumpkins messed up. I found this guy on our video camera trying to get into the house and the... [See more](#)

Share

Bear siting on [redacted] street

nextdoor

[View on Nextdoor](#)

P Pam R [redacted], [redacted] Orchard

Around the intersection of E [redacted] and F [redacted]

Crime & Safety · Nov 19 to 36 neighborhoods

Thank Private message



It's a Wonderful Life 2

A holiday story, by Isaiah Woods

"You've got a little something on your face." Santa said, wiping the blood off of his partners forehead.

"Thanks" Replied Jesus Christ, our lord and savior. He knew the old man meant well, but he had actually been saving the drippings for later that evening, in the hopes of having some sort of birthday libation. "Oh well" He thought to himself. He could always make more.

The long intimate silence was only broken by the warm and tantalizing voice of the bearish St. Nick "I really should go..." Spoke the jolly red stud. "Afterall, it's christmas eve and I still haven't delivered a single present!"

"Well, why don't you start things off by giving me my present?" teased the sexy messiah. "After all, it is my birthday..." Santa sighed. He couldn't say no to his favorite King of Kings.

"But the children-" He half heartedly protested.

"Shhh..." purred the son of god. "The children can wait." And wait they would, as in the moment it felt as if all time had stopped, pausing all motion other than the rhythmic palpitations of the yuletide lovers' hearts. As the ancient bear and the messianic twink looked into eachothers eyes, a palpable pressure flooded the room.

The tension was as thick as spoiled eggnog. A residual warmth resinated within the festive space. This paired with the ambient scents of peppermint and unfettered lust, created a wondrous sensorial landscape right out of a Hallmark Special.

"Take me right here, you Holly Jolly son-of-a-bitch!" Moaned the son of man with great aplomb. Santa could no longer hold back.

"That language is very, VERY naughty young man. You'd better watch out unless you want me to put you on my naughty list..."

"And what if I do?" Posed Jesus in a playfully importune manner.

"Well... Then I suppose Santa would have to punish you." He said, slowly removing his velvety waistcoat, consciously making an effort to highlight each and every curve of his voluptuous body.

"Punish me?" Replied our lord and savior in a mock inquisitive tone. "Whatever do you mean by that?" However, before the obese, yet sensuous philanthropist could respond to this playful query, a loud bang was heard. Having caught the attention of both occupants of the room, they turned to see the door hanging open, the lock having been broken clean off. And in the frame could be seen the outline of a heroic figure:

"Newscaster, conservative political commentator, and critically acclaimed author Tucker Carlson!?!?!?" Loudly exclaimed Jesus and santa in unison.

"The very same. And I have come here to put a stop to this absolutely disgusting display of liberal heresy!" He said, addressing an unseen camera. "You see? This is the future that the libs want. Imagine if your children saw this! Then imagine your children dead, surrounded by gay people and minorities. Ladies and gentlemen, THIS is the future that the left wants, and I'll be damned if I don't do my very best to stop them!"

"Well now, it would seem someone hasn't gotten in the christmas spirit of love and giving." Replied santa in a calm, yet authoritative tone.

"I have more christmas spirit than the two of you put together! I single handedly have been fighting against the war on christmas. I'VE done more for good old fashioned christians than the two of you ever did!" Retorted tucker with a face as red as as a candy cane. A lingering vibration continued to coarse throughout his jowls; an especially prominent feature of his, which he had always prided himself in, as it

was a crucial component to his mating dance.

“My child,” responded responded Jesus Christ, prince of peace, putting his veiny, perforated hands upon Tucker’s play-doh like shoulder, “Christmas spirit cannot be quantified. Christmas spirit is something that one has in their heart. No one person’s spirit is inherently better than-” BANG. Tucker had fired a pistol shot into the redeemer’s abdomen, leaving a gaping, bloody crater. The Messiah dazedly stepped back, gently cupping at his wound, after a moment collapsing to the floor in a holy heap.

“HOLY FUCK! WHY IN H-E-DOUBLE BENDY STRAWS WOULD YOU DO THAT?!?!” Cried Santa in an uncharacteristically aggressive tone.

“He was charging me. That thorny crown was looking really sharp, so I defended myself.”

“HE’S THE SON OF GOD! WHAT DID YOU THINK HE WAS GOING TO DO!?!” Tucker paused, considering this in silence, which after several moments he broke in shaky tone.

“I...I have a brother?” asked the newsman with an air of disbelief.

“Had. Countered Santa. You HAD a brother, but you killed him.”

“But he’ll come back, right? That’s sort of his thing, isn’t it?”

“You poor, naughty, naughty fool.” Replied Mr. Kringle in a morose, yet bitter timbre. “Don’t you know the only reason that he was able to come back the first time was because he had tasted the sweet taste of Dr. Pepper™ earlier that day?”

“Dr. Pepper™ ?” Repeated Tucker in confusion. “What does Dr. Pepper™ have to do with anything?”

“You really don’t know...” Said Santa, his voice turning to sadness. “You never met your father, did you?”

“Well, not in person...” “But you know who he is?”

“Sure I do. I’m the son of God. My full name is even Tucker Jermaine Son-of-god Carlson.”

“And you never connected the dots?” Replied the old man. “What the fuck are you talking about?”

“Naughty language.” Responded Santa in a robotic tone. “I... I think it’s time I tell you about your father. Why don’t you sit on santa’s lap.” He said, indicating a particularly squishy perch upon his ample thighs. Tucker looked at the old man. A single tear running down his cheek. What had he become?

T. C. Stepped over the still oozing body of the fallen Messiah, making his way over to the once jolly altruist. In the solemn silence, he mounted his elder’s fleshy lap, making a deliberate effort to refrain from getting the blood of Christ on Santa’s freshly laundered wardrobe. The silence was palpable, cutting through time and space like a sort of sharp (but not too sharp) knife cutting through a stale baguette. At long last, Santa spoke in a calm, yet knowing tone: “Your father was more than he seemed. You seem to know him by one name, but not by his true one.”

“What do you mean?” Answered Tucker in confusion. “My father is God. You even said so yourself.”

“Yes, but that is only a pseudonym, a curtain to mask his true identity. Think about the letters in his name.”

“I don’t understand.”

“Use your head my boy.” Tucker pondered this for a moment. Why did everything have to be so confusing all the time. And then suddenly it hit him.

“My god, if... if you subtract the G, O, and the D, and then add a D, O, C, T, O, R, P, E, P, P, E, R, T, and an M, you get...”

“Dr. Pepper™” Finished Santa, nodding solemnly. “Yes. God, your father, is none other than the one and only Doctor Pepper. It is the power of his sweet, sweet juice that was able to miraculously revive your brother after his execution.”

“How is that even possible?”

“The Doctor, if I may call him that, works in mysterious ways. He has known many names over

millennia. General Mills. Colonel Sanders. Mr. Clean. Shia Lebeauf...”

“Chester Cheetah...” Finished Mr. Carlson.

“I’m afraid not. Chester was only a cheetah. A very good cheetah at that, but a cheetah none the less.” Replied santa. Tucker died a little bit inside. For one brief moment a spark had ignited within his soul. He had thought that he was the son of the Cheetos™ effigy. He sighed. The world could be so unfair. Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. Who could it be?

“Coming!” Santa exclaimed, back to his usual, Jolly self. The events of earlier were at this point ancient history.

The old man rose with great dexterity, sashaying his way over to the door, which he slowly opened in a not un-erotic manner.

“I’m home!” Exclaimed a deep, booming voice from the hallway of the New Jersey apartment complex. A laugh track.

“Well, well, well. If it isn’t the dark lord Cthulu! Are you back from the dentists office already?” Said Santa, giving the ancient one a cordial kiss on the cheek.

“I think they gave me too much novocaine. I can hardly feel my tentacles!” Laugh track. “Oh, hi Tucker.” Spoke the Great Sleeper of R’lyeh, in a nonchalant voice.

“Hi Cthulhu. How’s the kids?”

“Oh, they’re good. Bethanie’s been having some problems with bullying, but we’re working through them as a family.” An awwwww sound effect plays from off screen. The high priest of the ancient ones, casually settled back into a recliner.

After a moment or two of relaxation their thousands of eyes finally rested upon the crumpled and drained body of Christ. Tucker and Santa looked at eachother. How were they going to explain this one? The dark lord remained reticent for a moment. Jesus had been his friend. They had fought together back in the war. How would he possibly react to such a gruesome sight? After a moment of uncomfortable silence, the great one spoke in a light and playful tone, “Well, It looks like we’re going to need a clean up on isle 6!” The three friends began to laugh. All was good. They had good food, good company, and most important of all faith. This was going to be one Christmas to remember.

Fin. 

By Leo Zhang



There is something in the laundry room.

By Barry Seth

I've heard nothing from the people behind the suspicious activity fliers around campus, despite reaching out weeks ago.

Perhaps the larger student body could provide more insight. If you know anything at all about the creature downstairs: contact me. hollowkeys@gmail.com.

I'm running out of time. Hurry.

- Hollow

It started slow. The first thing I noticed – just barely – was that the lights were dimmer. I came back for the second time that day to swap my wet clothes to a dryer, and everything was just a bit darker than usual. Not enough for me to be certain that something had changed, but enough for me to question it. When I came back in an hour to get my things, everything was normal.

A week passed before I returned. I started to hear a noise whenever I was down there, a sort of dripping amongst the constant whirring of the machines, a slow plink! that tapped against an unknown surface. No matter how much I searched for it, I couldn't find the source. It seemed to be everywhere. Completely surrounding me, in every corner, above and below and nowhere all at once.

After spending so much time trying to find that damned dripping that I had trouble sleeping because I swore I could hear it in my dreams, I told myself I'd only go into the basement (and into that room in particular) when I absolutely had to. Of course, I was lying.

You'd think I would've stayed away, wouldn't you? But the thing is: I didn't quite recognize it at the moment. You never really notice things like that until the aftermath, I suppose. It's sort of like getting a really bad sunburn. You can be out all day, feeling that warmth on your face, knowing you're burning, but it's the day after when you realize all the times you forgot to reapply sunscreen.

Something drew me back. Perhaps morbid curiosity, perhaps some sort of force out of my control, perhaps I was just desperately in need of clean clothes, but no matter what it really was – I went back. I brought my dirty things, and I went back.

It was eerily quiet. No one was around. No machines were running, not a single washer or dryer. I opened one of the washing machines and started to put my clothes inside when I noticed something odd: even the dripping was gone. That was something that hadn't changed, no matter how much or little laundry was being done. But it had completely vanished.

I closed the door to the washer and stood from my crouch. That's when I noticed the new sound.

It started quiet at first. I squinted my eyes out of some sort of ridiculous instinct, as if trying to tighten my vision to hear the sound better. The noise quickly grew louder, and although I still do not know what it was, I can try to identify it.

Imagine grinding teeth. Perhaps you have a friend who did so in their sleep, or perhaps you were the one who was unfortunate enough to gain the habit. A creaky sort of noise, like an old door opening.

Imagine shattered glass. You know what it sounds like to step upon it, I assume. It was a sound I quite enjoyed before now, as well.

Imagine the sound it makes to slice through meat. I'm sure you've heard it.

Try to put them all together.

It was revolting, and it was even worse when the smell hit me.

The air in the laundry room is hot and heavy with a sweet, almost-mildewy trace. One of laundry detergent and too much warmth and basement. Of course, that's what it usually smells like. On this day, it was overcome with the smell of blood.

I don't know if you've ever been around enough blood that the air becomes thick with the stench, but I wouldn't recommend it.

The humidity was the same, if not ten times worse. With every breath I tried to take, it only seemed like the heat got more intense. Like whatever I was trying to inhale was the same consistency as the blood I was so sure I was smelling. The sound got louder.

It was as if someone was chewing mouthfuls of glass directly next to my ears.

I gagged, hunched over, held myself against the wall, squeezed my eyes shut tight: and it all stopped. The air was clear – as clear as it could be in the laundry room – and the horrible glass-crunching meat-grinding sound was gone. I took a breath and straightened up.

That was when I saw it. While I was still recovering.

I couldn't look at it directly if I had wanted to. It was out of the corner of my eye, crammed into the thin space between a dryer and the right-side wall. It was terrifyingly human. Its head and body were human shaped, from what I could make out. It was standing on what appeared to be two legs. It had what appeared to be two arms. Yet everything about it was wrong.

It was disgustingly contorted. Shoved into a position it possibly couldn't fit, with its joints folded and jutting out in odd places as if they were all broken and snapped backwards. Its spine, or the location where a human's spine would be, especially so.

I only caught a glimpse for a split second. I blinked, and it was gone.

Its features were indiscernible, except for two sunken, hollow, red eyes. It was watching me.

I knew, at that moment, that it had been watching me for weeks.

It had been watching me for months.

It had been watching me for years.

I never did my laundry that day. I took my clothes from the washing machine that I had never started and left. When I got back to my dorm, I could've sworn I heard something dripping. I checked my windowsill, but it hadn't rained while I was inside.

There is something in the laundry room.

I haven't seen it here yet, but I think it followed me home. 🐼

Submitted by Leo Zhang



Jay 08:31 PM

I Do Not Trust Pinhead Pierre



Section Horse

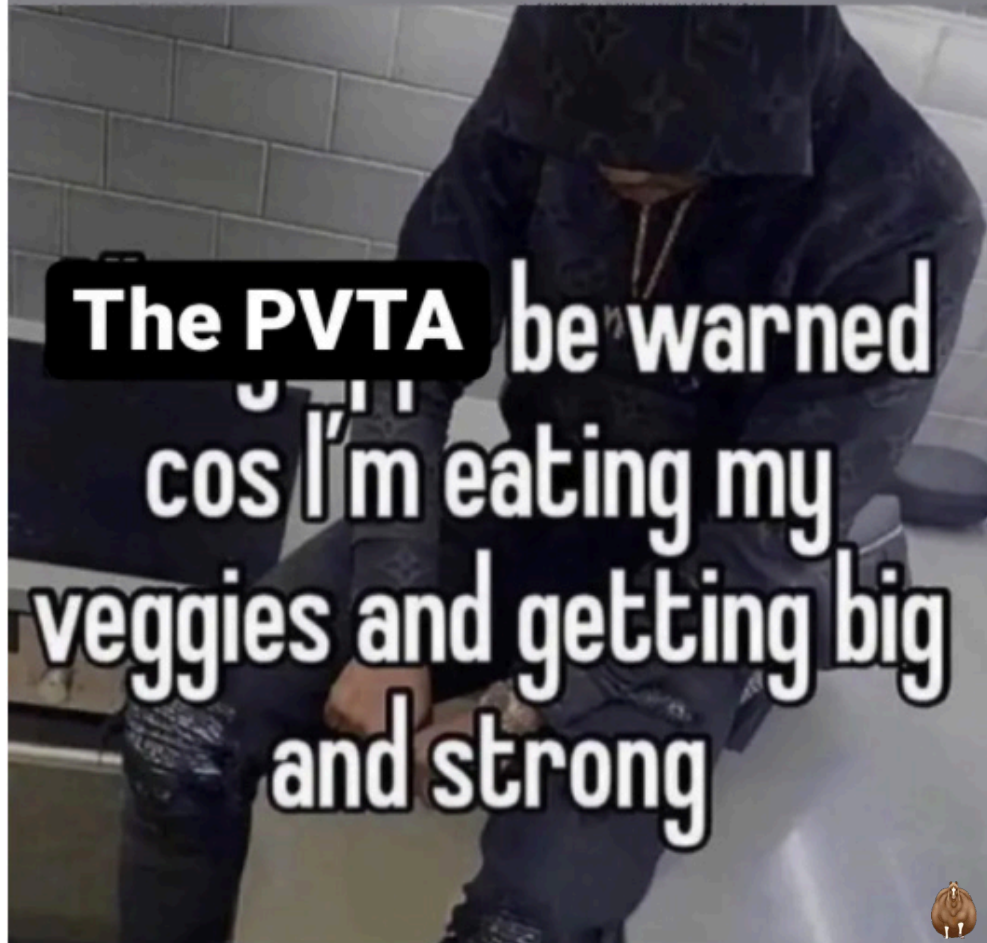
HORSE PLINKO



HORSE PLINKO

By Leo Zhang 🐎

By Nicholas Utakis-Smith





THE OMEN



By Broden Grimm





THE OMEN